

MUST hold him."

"Hold nothing," said a thin, singing voice. "I'm the Steel Spring and I might be the inside of a piano, if I didn't have to hold you. I think it a shame I must be covered by you."

"Who's supporting YOU?" said the hard, ringing voice of the Bedstead. "I'd like to lie down, as you do, but I must keep stretched out like a hat-rack just to hold you up."

"So?" came the soft, smooth

tones of the Rug. "Are you aware that your four legs are standing on me. I often wonder why I MUST endure them thrust into my firm, soft surface."

"Tut, tut," said the short, quick voice of the Floor, you talk as if you were not all resting on me. Do you wonder that I squeak once in a while, since I must bear the burden of all of you?"

Tomorrow we'll hear what happened next—something very exciting, you may be sure.

BASEBALL YARNS

By Billy Evans.

Perhaps no more popular youngster ever joined a major league club than Earl Hamilton of the Browns. Bobby Wallace is one of Hamilton's warmest admirers and is confident his protegee will be one of the best southpaws in the league.

Hamilton's father is a wealthy ranch owner and great baseball fan. That Hamilton, at 20, should be a big leaguer, is a matter of pride. When Hamilton joined the Browns he confided to Bobby that day would be awfully disappointed if he failed to make good.

All his life Hamilton has had everything he desired. His salary last year would hardly compare with Cobb's. While he has no bad habits, Hamilton found it

easy to get rid of his pay. Several times it was necessary to "touch" father. On one trip just after the train left St. Louis, Wallace found Hamilton getting a lot of fun from a letter.

"Something funny, I suppose," said Bobby.

"Read it yourself," replied Hamilton. It was from Hamilton's mother and at the end simply said:

"Father and I don't expect you to save much of your salary, but we would like to see you wearing that diamond ring I gave you, when you return."

"That is about all I will be wearing," said Hamilton with a laugh.

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Jack Graney of the Naps is a humorist. When Graney joined the team he was a pitcher. His twirling was not up to major league standard, yet he held on for months as a pitcher.

Some of the Detroit players recall how Graney downed the Tiger aggregation in a "kidding"

